

12 TAC FTR WG



SONG BOOK

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INTRODUCTION

Cam Ranh Bay was at one time a quiet fishing village whose glassy waters were seldom broken by more than the song of an occasional ocean breeze. In 1966, however, the 12th Tactical Fighter Wing arrived in force, and began to serenade themselves with songs of skill and cunning. Having nothing to do but fly fighters and sing songs, they waxed prolific (in the latter regard) and compiled this book to be used whenever fighter pilots gather to indulge in a small party of one kind or another.

We all know that a fighter pilot is an individualist, and no doubt each one of you knows a different version of each song included in this book. However, in an effort to obtain maximum volume and thereby drive all bomber pilots and other faint hearts from the club, this book is dedicated to the purpose that everyone sings approximately the same words at the same time. There are several verses included which should not fall on delicate ears. As a fighter pilot you are urged to keep your head on a swivel and clear yourself before serenading members of the opposite sex with a song containing some of the more descriptive words. Indiscriminate use of the more lusty ballads is not advisable since this can only result in icy stares and imminent removal from the premises. QUOTE: I've been thrown out of better places than this. UNQUOTE. It is not the purpose of this book to offend; rather it is to remember the good old days, and stimulate a good time among fighter pilots gathered together to enjoy themselves.

KTRB/12 TFW

AIR FORCE SONG

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder
Climbing high, into the sun
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder
At 'em boys, give her the gun.
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,
Off with one hell of a roar,
We live in fame, or go down in flame,
Nothing can stop the U S Air Froce!

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
the vastness of the Sky.
To a friend we send a message of
His brother men who fly,
We drink to those who gave their all of old
As down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold,
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
the U S Air Force!

Minds of man created a crate of thunder
Sent it high into the blue
Hands of men blasted the world asunder
How they lived, God only knows
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer
Gave us wings over to soar
with scouts before and bombers galore
Nothing can stop the U S Air Force!

Off we go into the blue sky yonder
keep your wings level and true
If you'd live to be a gray-haired wonder
Keep your nose out of the blue
Flying men guarding our nation's borders
We'll be there followed by more
In echelon we carry on
Nothing can stop the U S Air Force!

INTENTIONALLY BLANK

**12TH TACTICAL FIGHTER WING
ORIGINALS**

Cruising Over Hanoi

We were cruising over Hanoi
Doin four and fifty per-
When I called to my flight leader,
Oh won't you help me sir?
The "SAMS" are hot and heavy,
The MIGS are on our ass,
Take us home flight leader,
Please don't make another pass.

CHOUS: Hallelujia - Hallelujia!
Throw a nickel in the grass
Save a fighter pilot's ass
Hallelujia - Hallelujia!
Throw a nickel in the grass
And you'll be saved.

I rolled into my bomb run
Trying to set the pipper right,
When a "SAM" came off the launch pad,
And headed for our flight
Then number two informed me
"Hey four, you'd better break!"
I racked that goddam plane so hard
It made the whole thing shake.

CHORUS

I started my recovery.
It seemed things were all right.
When I felt the damndest impact,
Saw a blinding flash of light.
We held the stick with all our might
Against the binding force.
Then number two screamed out at us
"Hey four, you've had the course!"

CHORUS

I screamed at my back seater,
"We'd better punch on out -
Eject, eject, you stupid shit!
In panic I did shout.
I didn't wait around to see
If Joe had got the word.
I reached between my legs and pulled,
And took off like a bird.

CHORUS

As I descended in my chute,
My thoughts were rather grim.
Rather than to be a prisoner
I'd fight them to the end.
I hit the ground and staggered up
And looked around to see
And there in blazing neon,
Hanoi Hilton welcomed me.

CHORUS

(SLOWLY)

The moral of this story is
When you're in package six,
You'd better goddam look around
Or you'll be in my fix.
I'm a guest at Hanoi Hilton
With luxury sublime
The only thing that's not so great
I'll be here a long — long — time.

CHORUS

Give Me Operations

Don't give me an old Phantom II
That sports not one pilot but two
The guy in the back could just stay in the sack
Don't give me an old Phantom II.

CHORUS: Just give me operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I'm too young to die
I just want to grow old.

Don't frag me for Old Tiger Hound
Bad weather, high mountains abound
They don't give you credit, so screw it forget it
Don't frag me for Old Tiger Hound.

CHORUS
And don't frag me for Old Package Six
I'll be in one hell of a fix
The MIGS all come on, when my radar is gone
Don't frag me for Old Package Six.

CHORUS
And don't frag me for Silver Dawn West
Your butt doesn't get any rest
You think it won't last, your poor aching ass
Don't frag me for Silver Dawn West.

CHORUS
And don't frag me for Silver Dawn East
I hear its one hell of a beast
Both crew members reek, and you can't take a leak
Don't frag me for Silver Dawn East.

CHORUS
Well I'll take back that Old Phantom II
That sports not one pilot but two
The guy in the front seat, might just sit on his rump
I'll take back an Old Phantom II.

Green Beret (Myke Mather)

There he goes' the PIO
Last to know, first to go
100 times he flys the Huey's
Flown by publicity seeking Luey's

Out to battle he must go
Sent by those in the know
He may take a snipers round
And be left upon the ground.

Fighting men may Pass him by
And when they ask, Who was that guy?
I dunno, it' s hard to say.
What the hell, Just let him lay.

And when he gets to the golden gate
St. Peter says, You' ve goofed up mate!
So go to Hell in all your glory,
When you get back, you can do your story.

Hello Cam Ranh Tower

TUNE: ITAZUKE TOWER

"Hello Cam Ranh Tower, This is Hammer Forty-One.
My BLC lights glowing; I've just lost PC-1.
The engine's running roughly, the EGT is high,
Can you clear me for a straight-in, this birds about to die!"

"Hammer forty-one this is Cam Ranh Tower here,
We'd like to let you in right now, but a Senator is near.
He's here to please constituents, his plane is close at hand,
So please divert to Tuy Hoa, We can't clear you to land."

"Hello Cam Ranh Tower, this is Hammer forty-one,
I'm turning onto final, hydraulic pressures gone.
The generator's off the line, the RPM just fell,
Please send the Senator around, and tell hiim "War is Hell".

Hammer forty-one this is Cam Ranh Tower again,
You'll have to keep on circling, regardless of your plan.
I'm sorry bout your problem, but you will have to yield.
We must give the priority, to Senator Mansfield.

"Now **listen** Cam Ranh Tower' I'll lay it on the line,
The situatins F_____ 'in terse, we're running out of time.
My fuel low level light is on, the birds about to quit,
So tell that goddam Senator he doesn't count for **shit!**"

"Hammer forty-one QSY to channel four,
You'll have to clear with "Air Patch", I can't do any more."
"Roger Cam Ranh Tower, I'm switching channels now.
I'm sure Air Patch will clear me, to land this bird somehow."

"Air Patch, Air Patch, Air Patch, this is Hammer forty-one.
The tower made me check with you, to see what could be done.
I know you'll understand my plight, I've confidence in you.
So clear me onto final, send the Senator on through!"

"Sorry bout that - forty-one, your story breaks our heart.
Had this happened only yesterday, we could have done our part.
You **will** divert to Tuy Hoa, consider this a must,
For Senator Mike Mansfield would not like all this fuss."

"Roger - Roger Air Patch, I get your message clear,
Situation - understood, the VIP's too near.
We'll nurse this bird to Tuy Hoa, on this you can depend,
We'll keep this airplane flying, until the very end."

"Mayday! Mayday! Crown, this is Hammer forty-one
Our fate is up to you boys now, the home drome let us down.
We can't make it to Tuy Hoa, we'll have to punch out here.
So please alert the Jolly Greens, we hope that help is near!"

BEEP

BEEP BEEP

BEEP

BEEP

BEEP _____

Hog Driver

"Tune: Moon River"

Hog Driver, mushing thru the sky
Oh what a dashing guy am I
Than my fighter all the lighter
Wherever she's going, she's going there slow.

Hog Driver, while she howls and moans
I often wish upon a star
That someday there, ll be an F-4C, just waiting for me
And then I'll never be a hog driver again.

Old Smokey

Flying over old Cam Ranh
Enroute to the North,
My hands got so shakey
From the thoughts that came forth.

The sun was bright shining
The sky it was clear,
But my heart it did falter
I was frozen with fear.

As we crossed the border
I thought I would die,
But my fearless commander
Oh how well he did fly.

With this inspiratfon,
What more could I do?
I screwed up my courage
And pressed on anew.

We started our bomb run
The sights I did set.
We rippled our bombs off,
Then wiped off the sweat.

We turned toward the Tonkin
With the engines full bore.
She really was smokin'
Like a two dollar whore.

When once past the coastline,
With a sigh of relief,
We'd gotten the job done
Just as it had been briefed.

This mission accomplished
So important to me
They're sure to award us
Our first DFC.

I'm an outstanding airman
This story is true.
For I'm a co-pilot
On a B-52!

Trash Haulers In The Sky

Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky

A trash hauler flew overhead
One dark and Windy Day.
He passed above our runway,
As he flew upon his way.
When all at once our flight of four
Gave him an awful fright
We flew within a hundred feet
And pitched out on his right.

Yippee Aye Aay _____
Yippee Aye Ooh _____
Trash Haulers in the sky.

We called out on the radio
He hit a power dive -
And prayed to God and Orville Wright
That he 'd remain alive.
He cut down through our pattern
And pulled about two "G's".
When he regained control again
He barely cleared the trees.

Yippee Aye Aay _____
Yippee Aye Ooh _____
Trash Haulers in the sky.

We told him on the radio
We said to him "My Son".
We said "My boy if you want to live
You'd damn well better run".
So push those frappin throttles up
And head across the sky,
And never venture near again -
Where Phantom pilots fly.

Yippee Aye Aay _____
Yippee Aye Ooh _____
Trash Haulers in the sky.

Tuff Shitsky

Tune: That's A'Mor'e

When you set in the fix
And it's old Package Six
That's tuff shitsky.

When then MIG call is on
And your radar is gone
That's tuff shitsky.

When the MIGS are behind
What a hell of a bind
That's tuff shitsky.

Then you hear from your wing
"Can't help with this thing"
That's tuff shitsky.

When you see a big SAM
And it looks like a ram
That's tuff shitsky.

Then you know the best poop
Is a great big fat loop
That's tuff shitsky.

When your over the top
And your hear a loud pop
That's tuff shitsky.

On your way to the ground
You will hear this from "Crown"
That's tuff shitsky.

"We are already late
And we all have a date"
That's tuff shitsky.

"We must be on our way
So, that's all for today"
That's tuff shitsky.

"We will come back tomorrow
Till then, tears and sorrow"
Tuff Shitsky!

"But we haue to go back
Now to joust in the sack"
It's Tuff shitsky!

Twelve Days of TET

Tune: 12 Days of Christmas

On the **First** day of "TET"
My D.O. gave to me,
A gun on a Phantom F-4C.

Second - 2 CBUs

Third - 3 Rocket Launchers

Fourth - 4 High Drags

Fifth - 5 Hand Grenades

Sixth - 6 Side Winders

Seventh - 7 750s

Eighth - 8 Charging Sparrows

Ninth - 9 Nasty Napes

Tenth - 10 Tons of Bombs

Eleventh - 11 Lady Fingers

Twelvth - 12 Firecrackers.

The Air Force Lament

Tune: The Battle Hymn of the
Republic

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death, who lived for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded, and those days are long gone by
The Air Force's gone to hell!

Chorus: Glory flying regulations, have them read at every station
Crucify the man who breaks them; The Air Force's gone to hell!

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong
A mighty airborne legion set to right the deadly wrong
But now it's only memory; it only lives in song.
The Air Force's gone to hell!

I have seen them in their thunderbolts, their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their screaming power dives, that blasted Goering's name
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame
Their spirit's shot to hell!

They flew their rugged mustangs through a living hell of flak
And bloody dying pilots, gave their lives to bring them back
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack
Their technique's gone to hell!

The Lordly flying fortress and the liberator too
Once wrote the doom of Germany, with contrails in the blue
But now the skies are empty, and our planes are wet with dew
And we can't fly for hell!

You heard your pounding 50s blaze from wings of polishd steel
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel
But now the L-5 charms you with its moanin, groanin squeal
And it won't climb for hell!

Have you ever climbed a lightning up to where the air is thin
Have you stuck her long nose downward, just to hear the screaming din
Have you tried to do it lately, better not - you'll auger in.
And then you'll sure catch hell!

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The Air Force's gone to hell!

We were cocky bold and happy when we played the angel's game
We split the blue with buzzing, and we rolled our way to fame
But now that's all verboten and we're all so goddamn tame
Our spirits' shot hell!

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that
Or you will burn in hell!

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old
When pilots took their choice of being old or young and bold
Alas I have no choice and will live to be quite old
The Air Force's gone to hell!

But smile awhile my pilots though your eyes may still be wet
Someday we'll meet in heaven where the rules have not been set
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and really let -
The Air Force fly like hell!

Chorus: Glory no more regulations, rip them down at every station
Ground the guy that tries to make one and let us fly like hell.

Air Force "801"

Tune: Wabash Cannon Ball

Listen to the rumble, Oh hear old Merlin roar
I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before
Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream
And hear old Merlin roar
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer, and hope it gets me home.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the down-wind leg
My prop has over-run
My coolant's overheated, the gauge says one-two-one
You'd better call the crash crew, and get them on the run.

Air Force 801, this is Itazuke tower
I cannot call the crash crew, 'cause this is coffee hour!
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see.
So take it on around again, we have some VIP!

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see your biscuit gun.
My engine's running rough, and the coolant's gonna blow
I'm gonna buy a Mustang, so look out down below!

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the final, and runnin' on one lung
I'm gonna land this Mustang, no matter what you say
I gotta get my charts fixed up before that judgement day!

Air Force 801, this is judgement day
You're in Pilot's Heaven, and you are here to stay!
You just bought a Mustaug, and you bought it well
The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight to Hell!

Cigarettes, Whiskey, And Wild, Wild Women

Once I was happy and had a good wife;
I had enough money to last me for life.
I met a gal and we went on a spree;
She taught me to smoke and to drink whiskey.

CHORUS: Cigarettes and whiskey and wild, wild women,
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.
Cigarettes and whiskey and wild, wild women,
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.

Cigarettes is a blot on the whole human race,
A man is a monkey with one in his face.
Here's my definition, believe me, dear brother:
"A fire on one end, a fool on the other."

Brother, repent or they'll write on your grave:
"To women and whiskey here lies a poor slave."
Take warning dear stranger, take warning dear friend;
They'll write in big letters these words at your end.

CHORUS

We fly the Phantom in 12th Fighter Wing;
It's easy to see from the way that we sing.
We sit in the cockpit and push on a rudder
But when we're in trouble we help one anudder.

CHORUS

Come And Join the Air Force

Tune: "Rambling Wreck from
Georgia Tech"

Come in and join the Air Force, it's a grand place so they say,
You never have to work at all, just fly around all day.
While others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind,
We'll take the air without a care, and you'll never mind.

CHORUS: Oh, never mind, no, never mind,
O, come on and join the Air Force,
And you'll never mind.

Come on and get promoted as big as big as you desire,
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force flier,
But just when you're about to be a general you'll find
The engine coughs, the wings fall off, and you'll never mind.

CHORUS

You're flying o'er the ocean, you hear your engine spit,
You see your prop come to a stop, the G—d—engine's quit.
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind.
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you'll never mind.

CHORUS

Oh, when loop and spin her, and with an awful tear,
You'll see your stubby wings fall, but you will never care.
For in about two minues, Mac, another pair you'll find.
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet, and you'll never mind.

CHORUS

Oh, then you meet a Fokker, he shoots you down in flames,
Don't waste your time belly achin' and callin' the beggar names.
Just push your stick into the ground, and pretty soon you'll find
There ain't no hell and all is well, and You'll never mind.

CHORUS

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a d—,
About the groundlings' point of view and all that sort of ham.
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind,
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we'll never mind.

CHORUS

FLAK SHOWERS

Tune: April Showers

Altho flak showers may come your way
They'll bring the panic that makes you say
"My fuel is Bingo, I'm going home
So if you want to stay and fight, you may stay and fight alone.

I've added throttle, I'm on my way
I'll live to come back some other day
So keep straffing that position
And knock it out for me
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see!"

Here's To The Regular Air Force

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over
The Ocean

In peace time the regulars are happy
In peace time they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fracas
And they'll call out the God Damn reserves

CHORUS: Call out, call out
Call out the God Damn Reserves, reserves
Call out, Call out
Oh, call out the God Damn Reserves.

Here's to the regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the God Damn reservist
Whenever the shit hits the fan.

They call up the war-weary pilots
They ask for the drafted young man
The reservists they go to Korea
The regulars stay in Japan.

Here's to the regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the God Damn reservist
Their ass would be dragging the floor.

CHORUS 2: Fight on, fight on,
Fight on regular Air Force
Fight on, fight on,
Fight on, fight on,
Fight on regular Air Force
Fight on. .

I Wanted Wings

I wanted wings till I got the G.D. things
Now I don't want them anymore.
They taught me how to fly,
And they sent me here to die,
I've had a bellyful of war
You can save those zeros for the G.D. heroes,
Cause Distinguished Flying Crosses
Do not compensate for losses — Buster.

Chorus: I wanted wings till I got the G.D. things
Now I don't want then anymore.

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames,
Air combat spelled romance, but it made me wet my pants,
I'm not a fighter I have learned.
You can save those Messerschmitzes
For the other sons of B——s.
Cause I'd rather —— a woman than be shot down in a Grumman—
Buster.
Chorus

I'm too young to die in a damned old PBY
That's for the eager not for me
I don't trust my luck to be picked up in a duck
After I've crashed into the sea
Oh I'd rather be a bellhop than a flyer on a flat top
With my hand around a bottle, not around a G.D. throttle — Buster.
Chorus

I don't want to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr
Flak always makes me park my lunch
I get no hey-hey when they holler bombs away,
I'd rather be home-with the bunch.
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off that is
When they shoot your — off.
Oh, I'd rather come home buster, with my —— than with a cluster
— buster.
Chorus.

The day we bombed Metz I ran out of cigarettes
I always smoke to calm my gut
Oh, they make them by the ton, but I haven't got a one
I simply cannot fly without a butt,
The home front may be pitchin, but we still do our B —— n,
Till we find some real smart cookie who can mass produce some
N —— Lookie.
Chorus

I don't fly for fun in a P dash Five crash one
Blazing a path for Patton's tanks.
My wife don't want insurance and I'm not out for endurance,
I'd rather go to Paris and spend Francs
In England in was blitzes and in France it is Messerschmitzes,
Oh, I feel like such a sucker when my _____ starts to pucker.
Sucker, I wanted wings, etc . .

.They fed us lousy chow but we stay alive somehow.
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew
What will they think of next, they'll be dehydrated sex.
On that day I'll tell the coach I'm through
Oh, I really love my bumpin and I like to do my pumpin,
But I'd rather C___ with chowder than to C___ with hunks of powder
Wanted wings, etc . . .

The day we bombed Metz I ran out of cigarettes
I always smoke to calm my gut
Oh, they make them by the ton, but I haven't got a one
I simply cannot fly without a butt,
The home front may be pitchin, but we still do our b____ n,
Til we find some real smart cookie who can mass produce some
N_____ Lookie
I wanted wings, etc . . .

I Want To Play Piano

I want to play piano in a whorehouse
That is my one desire
Some may be bankers, or ranchers out in Butte
I just want to play in a house of ill repute
You may laugh at this my humble advocacy
But carnal copulation's here to stay
I don't want fames or riches
I just want to play for those old bitches
I want to play piano in a whorehouse.

Just Give Me Operations

Don't give me a P-38 with props that counterrotate
They'll loop, roll and spin
And They'll soon auger in
Don't give me a P-38.
Chorus: Just give me operations
way out on some lonely atoll
For I'm too young to die
And I just want to go home.

Don't give me a P-39,
With the engine mounted behind
It will tumble and roll and dig a big hole
Don't give me a P-39.

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt,
It gave many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a jug, and it flies like a tug
Don't give give me an old Thunderbolt.

Don't give me an F-84,
Their pilots aren't here anymore.
They bombed in the crate,
but they all pulled out late.
Don't give me an F-84.

Don't give me an F-86,
With wings like broken matchsticks.
They'll zoom and they'll hover
But as for top cover,
Don't give me an F-86.

Don't give me an F-89,
Though "time" says they really will climb
They're all in the states
All boxed up in crates,
Don't give me an F-89.

Don't give me an F-94,
It's never established a score.
It may fly in bad weather
But it won't hold together,
Don't give me an F-94.

Don't give me a Peter Four Oh,
A hell of an airplane I know
A ground loopin' bastard
You're sure to get plastered,
Don't give me a Peter Four Oh.

Don't give me a P-51,
It was alright for fighting the hun
But with coolant tank dry,
You'll fall out of the sky,
Don't give me a P-51.

Don't give me a P-61,
For night fighting is no fun
They say it's a lark
But I'm scared of the dark,
Don't give me a P-61.

Don't give me an 86-D
With rockets, radar, and AB
She's fast I don't care,
She blows up in midair
Don't give me an 86-D

Don't give me a one double oh,
The bastard is ready to blow
An AB is there
But you're saying a prayer,
Don't give me a one double oh.

Don't give me an F-101
A rat race in her is no fun
When you're trying to win
At 4 G's she digs in'
Don't give me an F-101.

Don't give me an F-102,
It never goes up when it's blue
An all weather coffin
That flames out so often,
Don't give me an F-102.

Don't give me an F-104
Though she'll do Mach 2 at full bore.
With those short stubby wings
She can't carry a thing
Don't give me an F-104

Don't give me an F-105,
In that big hog, guys don't stay alive
And you'll know you've been diddled
When she breaks in the middle.
Don't give me an F-105.

Don't give me a big F4C,
With 2 engines, 2 seats, 2 AB's
In a dogfight you're done,
Radar missiles, no gun,
Don't give me a big F4C.

Lili Marlene

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait,
She waits for the boy who marched away
And though he's gone she hears him say
Oh, promise you'll be true
Fare the well, Lili Marlene
Till I return to you
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene.

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait
For this is the place a vow was made
And breezes sing her serenade.
Oh, promise you'll be true
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene
Till I return to you,
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait
And there in the lamp light it is said
A halo shines above her head
Oh, promise you'll be true
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene
Till I return to you
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene.

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait
And as they go marching to the fray
The soldiers all salute and say
We'll tell him you've been true
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene
Till I return to you
Fare thee well, Lili Marlene.

O'Riley's Bar

'Twas a cold winter evening, the guests were all leaving,
O'Riley was closing the bar;
When he turned and he said to the lady in red:
"Get out, you can't stay where you are."

Now she shed a big tear in the bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead;
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the phone
booth
And these are the words that he said:

"Her mother never told her
The things a young girl should know,
About the ways of Air Force men
And how they come and go.
Life has taken her beauty,
And sin has left its sad scar.
So remember your mothers and sisters, boys,
And let her sleep under the bar.

There Are No Fighter Pilots

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell
The place is full queers
Navigators, Bombardiers
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
They are off on foreign shores
Making mothers out of _____
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States!

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
The automatic pilot's on
Reading novels in the john
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce!

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged
And his women overaged
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare!

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth
The place is full of brass
Sitting round on their fat _____.
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They're all at Cam Ranh Bay
Being shot at every day
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan!

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
It'll wreck your reputation
But increase the population
It,s naughty naughty naughty but it's nice!

When a bomber jockey walks into our club
When a bomber jockey walks into our club
He don't drink his share of suds
All he does is flub his dub
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell!

Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
They are all in USO's
Wearing ribbons, fancy clothes
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray!

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
The place is full of brass,
Sitting round on their fat ass
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing!

Who Owns This Club

Oh, we're the boys from the 12th Fighter Wing
You've heard so much about
The mothers keep their daughters in
Whenever we go out.

We're always drinking whiskey
And we're always full of booze
Oh we're the boys from the 12th Fighter Wing
And who the hell are youse?

Who owns this club oo - wa - wa
Who owns this club oo - wa - wa
Who owns this club the people cry - eye - eye
WE own this club oo - wa - wa
WE own this club oo - wa - wa
12th Fighter Wing we reply - eye - eye

Repeat.

You Can Tell A Fighter Pilot TUNE: Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory

By the ring around his eyeball,
You can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot by the
 spread around his rear
You can tell a navigator by his sextants,
 maps and such
You can tell a fighter jockey, but you
 cannot tell him much!

OTHERS

Bang It Into Lulu

Chorus: Bang it into Lulu
Bang it good and strong
What'll we do for ganging
When Lulu's dead and gone.

Wish I was a pisspot
Under Lulu's bed
Every time she stooped to pee
I'd see her maidenhead.

Wish I was a finger
On Lulu's little hand
Every time she wiped her ass
I'd see the promised land.

Lulu had a baby
She had it on a rock
She couldn't call it Lulu
'Caus the bastard had a cock.

Lulu had a baby
She named it Sonny Jim
She threw it in the pisspot
To teach it how to swim.

Last time I saw Lulu
I haven't seen her since
She was suckin' of a tiger
Through a barbed wire fence.

Battle Hymn

We fly our f _____ Phantoms at 10,000 f _____ feet
We fly our f _____ Phantoms, thru the rain and snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying South
We're flying f _____ North
Ane we make our f _____ landfall
On th firth of f _____ forth.

Chorus: Glory, Glory, Hallelujia
Glory, Glory, Hallelujia
Glory, Glory, Hallelujia
(Insert last line of each verse)

We fly those f _____ Phantoms at f _____ all 1,000 feet
We fly those f _____ Phantoms, through the trees and corn and wheat
And though we think we fly with skill
We fly with f _____ luck
But we don't give a f _____ damn or care a f _____ f _____.

We fly those f _____ Phantoms at 10,000 f _____ feet
We fly those f _____ Phantoms, through the rain and snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying up,
We're flying f _____ down
And we bust our f _____ asses when we hit the f _____ ground.

Oh, It's Beer Beer Beer

Oh it's beer, beer, beer,
That makes you want to cheer
In the Corps, in the Corps
Oh it's beer, beer, beer,
That makes you want to cheer
In the U.S. Air, U.S. Air Force.

Chorus: My eyes are dim, I cannot see
I have not brought my specs with me.

Whiskey - That makes you feel so friskey.
Gin - That makes you want to sin
Vodka - That makes oughta.
Sautorn - That makes your belly burn.
Vermouth - That makes you feel uncouth.
Bourbon - That makes you feel like chirpin'
Wine - That makes you feel so fine.
Rum - That makes you feel so dumb.
Rye - That makes you feel so shy.
Brandy - That makes you feel so dandy.
Likkor - That makes you ever sicker.
Sherry - That makes you feel so hairy.
Water - That makes you feel you oughter
Chartreuse - That makes you morals loose.

The Bloody Great Wheel

An airman told me before he died
(And I don't think that the bastard lied)
He had a wife with a cunt so wide
That she could never be satisfied.

So he fashioned a prick of steel
And attched it to a bloody great wheel,
Two balls of brass filled with cream
And the whole f _____ issue was run by steam,

Well, round and round went the bloody great wheel
In and out went the big prick of steel
Until at last the maiden cried,
"Enough, enough I'm satisfied."

But now come to the bitter bit
There was no way of stopping it,
It split that bitch from cunt to tit
And the whole f _____ issue went up in shit.

Brown, Brown

There was a young maiden named Adeline Schmidt,
She went to the doctor cause she couldn't shit.
He gave her some medicine wrapped up in glass
Up went the window and out went her ass.

Chorus: It was brown, brown, shit falling down
Brown, brown, shit all around
It was brown, brown, shit falling down
The whole world was covered with shit.

A handsome young copper was walking his beat
He happened to be on that side of the street
He looked up so bashful, he looked up so shy
When a piece of brown shit, hit him right in the eye.

This handsome young copper, he cussed and he swore
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore
And under a bridge you can still see him sit
With a sign 'round his neck saying, "Blinded by shit."

Bye Bye Blackbird

TUNE: Bye Bye Blackbird

There was a man, he was no good
He took a girlie in the wood
He flies Phantoms
Then he took off all her clothes
An her shoes, and her hose
He flies Phantoms
He took her where nobody else could find her
Took a string and tied her hands behind her
Walked away and began to sing
Began to sing, ting-a-ling
Phantoms, I fly.

Funicule, Funicula

Last nite, I stayed up late, to masterbate
It felt so good, I knew it would
Last I stayed up late, to beat my meat
It felt so nice, I did it twice.

You should really see me on the short strokes
It feels so grand, I use my hand
You must really catch me on the long strokes
It feels so neat, I use my feet

Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor
Smash it, bash it, thrust it through the door
Some people seem to think that f_____ grand
But for all around enjoyment I prefer to use my hand.

I Used To Work In Chicago

I used to work in Chicago
In a department store
I used to work in Chicago
I did, but I don't anymore
A lady came, she asked for a hat
I asked her what kind she adored
Felt, she said, and felt her I did
I did, but I don't any more.

Cake - layer
lamp - floor
birds - love
glue -paste
cream - massage
girdle - rubber
food - pet
razor - injector
scarf - neck

Jolly, Jo!ly England

Oh, I don't want to join the Army
I don't want to go to war.
I just want to hang around Piccadilly on the ground,
Livin' off the earnings of me high born lady.
Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee.
Wednesday some success; I lifted up her bloomin' dress,
Thursday belongs to the Royal Navy.
Now, Firday I put my hand upon it,
Saturday she gave me B —— a tweak, tweak, tweak,
It was Sunday after supper I shoved the old boy up'er.
And now I'm paying seven and six a week, Gor' blimey!
I don't want to join the Army.
I don't want to go to war.
I just want to hang around Piccadilly on the ground,
Livin' off the earnings of me high born lady.
I don't want a bullet up me ——,
I don't want me buttocks shot away.
I just want to stay in England, in jolly, jolly England,
And fornicate me bloomin' life away.

Kotex Song

You can tell by the smell
That she isn't feeling well
When the end of the month rolls around
How she turns, how she squirms
How she gets a case of worms
When the end of the month rolls around.
For it's hi, hi, hee, in the Kotex industry
Super, Junior, Band Aid
For where ere you go
The blood will always flow
When the end of the month rolls around.
Keep 'em bleeding!
When the end of the month rolls around.

The Little Brown Mouse

Oh the liquor was spilled on the bar-room floor
The Bar was closed for the night
When out of his hole came a little Brown Mouse
And he sat in the pale moonlight
He lapped up the liquor on the bar-room floor
As back on his haunches he sat
And all night long you could hear him roar
"Bring on your goddamn cat!"

Mary Ann Burns

Mary Ann Burns was the queen
Of all the Acrubats
She could do tricks
That would give a cat the shits
She could roll green peas
From her fundamental orifice
Do a double sommer sault
And catch 'em on her tits
A great big son-of-a-bitch
Twice as big as me
Hair around her ass
Like the branches on a tree
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck
Roll a barrel, drive a truck
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

My God How The Money Rolls In

My father makes rum in the bathtub
My mother makes two kinds of gin
My sister make love for a living
My God how the money rolls in.

Chorus: Rolls in, rolls in, My God how the money rolls in, rolls in
Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a poor missionary
He saves little girlies from sin
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars
My God how the money rolls in.

My uncle paints real frenchy postcards
My auntie she poses for him
Her costume cost nary a penny
My God how the money rolls in.

I tried making all kinds of whiskey
I tried making all kinds of gin.
I tried making love for a living
My God the condition I'm in.

Chorus: Sin, sin, sin, sin, my God the condition I'm in, I'm in
Sin, sin, sin, sin, my God the condition I'm in.

My father died in the bathtub
My mother she died of her gin
My sister she married my brother
MY GOD WHAT A MESS I AM IN.

I'd an uncle who was a nightwatchman
Who spent all his nights in the pit,
He used to come home covered all over in shit.

My Auntie manufactures French letters
My cousin pricks holes with a pin
My uncle performs the abortions
My God how the money rolls in.

No Balls At All

There once was a girl named Sara McFox
With hair on her chest and cheese in her box
She married a man named Patrick McCall
With a very short peter and no balls at all.

Chorus: What? No balls at all?
No balls at all.
A very short peter and no balls at all.

The very first night these two lovers were wed
They took off their clothes and went straight up to bed
She reached for his pecker, it was very small
She reached for his balls he had no balls at all.

Now mother dear mother oh what shall I do?
I've married a man who never can screw
I reached for his pecker, it was very small
I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Oh daughter dear daughter now don't be so sad
It was the same trouble I had with your dad
But there's many a man who will come to the call
Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all.

The daughter went home, took her mother's advice
And found the results most exceedingly nice
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all.

Roll Me Over

Now this is number one, and the song has just begun,
Now this is number two, and he's got me in a stew
Now this is number three, and his hand is on my knee
Now this is number four, and he's got me on the floor
Now this is number five, and his hand is on my thigh,

Chorus: Roll me over lay me down and do it again,
Roll me over in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Now this is number six, and he's got me in a fix
Now this is number seven, and I think I'm in heaven
Now this is number eight, and the doctor's at the gate,
Now this is number nine, and the twins are doing fine
Now this is number ten, and he's started once again.

Roll Your Leg Over

I wish little girls were like little white rabbits,
And I were a buck and I'd teach them bad habits,
Oh roll the leg over, oh roll the leg over,
Oh roll the leg over the man in the moon

I wish little girls were like waves in the ocean,
And I were the wind and I'd show them some motion.
Oh roll the leg over, oh roll the leg over
Oh roll the leg over the man in the moon

I wish little girls were like flowers in the springtime,
And I were a bee and I'd pluck them all daytime.
Oh roll the leg over, oh roll the leg over
Oh roll the leg over the man in the moon.

I wish little girls were like sheep in the clover,
And I were a ram and I'd ram them all over.
Oh roll the leg over, oh roll the leg over,
Oh roll the leg over the man in the moon

I wish little girls were like cows in the pasture,
And I were a bull and I'd make them run faster.
Oh roll the leg over, oh roll the leg over,
Oh roll the leg over the man in the moon.

Oh if all little girls were like fish in the ocean
And I were a whale I would teach them the motion.

Chorus: Oh roll your leg over, Oh roll your leg over
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon.

Oh, If all little girls were like bells in the tower
And I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour.

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the river
And I were a sandbar I'd sure make them quiver.

Oh, if all little girls were like sheep in the pasture
And I were a ram I'd make them run faster.

Oh, If all little girls were like little white rabbits
And I were a hare I would teach them bad habits.

Oh, if all little girls were like little red vixons
And I were a fox I surely would fix 'em.

Oh, if all little girls were like Hedy Lamarr
I'd try twice as hard to get twice as far.

Oh, if all little girls were like cows in the clover
And I were a bull I'd chase them all over.

Oh, if all little girls were like little white flowers
And I was a bee I would buzz them for hours.

Oh, if all little girls were like little white chickens
And I was a rooster I'd give them the dickens.

Oh, if all little girls were like little ole turtles
And I was a turtly I'd get in their girdles.

Oh, if all little girls were like Gypsy Rose Lee
And I were her G-string oh boy what I'd see.

Oh, if all little girls were like nurses who would
And I were a doctor I would if I could.

Oh, if all little girls were like bricks in a pile
And I were a mason I'd lay them in style.

Oh, I wish that all girls were like fish in a pool
And I were a chap with a waterproof tool
.If all little girls were like bats in the steeple
And I were a bat, There'd be more bats than people.
Oh, if all little girls were like diamonds and rubbies
And I were a jeweler I'd polish their boobies.

Sammy Small

Oh my name is Sammy Small fuck em all
Oh my name is Sammy Small fuck em all
Oh my name is Sammy Small and I've only got one ball
But it's better than none at all - fuck em all.

They say I've killed a man, fuck em all
They say I've killed a man, fuck em all
I hit him in the head with a fucking piece of lead
Now the silly fuckers dead - fuck em all.

They say I've got to swing, fuck em all
They say I've got to swing, fuck em all
They say I've got to swing from a fucking piece of string
What a silly fucking thing - fuck em all.

The parson he will come, fuck em all
The parson he will come, fuck em all
The parson he will come with his tales of kingdom come
He can shove them up his bung - fuck em all.

The hangman wears a mask, fuck em all
The hangman wears a mask, fuck em all
The hangman wears a mask for his silly fucking task
What a silly fucking ass - fuck em all.

The sheriff will be there too, fuck em all
The sheriff will be there too, fuck em all
The sheriff will be there too with his silly fucking crew
They have fuck all else to do - fuck em all.

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck em all
I saw Molly in the crowd and I felt so fucking proud
That I shouted right out loud -FUCK EM ALL

Sing Another One Do

There was a young man from Boston
Who traded his car for an Austin
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost em.

Chorus: Aye Aye yi yi, In China they never eat chili
Sing us another one
Just like the other one
Sing us another one, do

There was a young man from Dundee
Who buggered an ape in a tree
The result was most horrid, all ass and no forehead
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There was a young man from kildair
Who buggered his girl on the stairs
The bannister broke, he doubled his stroke
And finished her off in mid air.

There was a queer from khartuam
Who took a young lesbian to his room
They argued all night, as to who has the right
To do what, with which, and to whom.

There was a professor from the Mall
Who possessed a cylindrical ball
The cube root of its weight, plus his penis, plus eight
Was one half of two thirds of fuck all.

There was a young girl from St Paul
Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball
Her dress caught on fire, and burned her entire
Front page, sports section and all.

There was a young lady from Wheeling
Who had a peculiar feeling
She laid on her back, and tickled her crack
And pissed all over the ceiling.

There was a young man from Nantucket
Whose dick was so long he could suck it
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin
If my ear were a cunt I could fuck it.

There once was a young man from Kent
Whose dick was so long that it bent
To save himself trouble, he put it in double
And instead of coming, he went.

There once was a man of class
Whose balls were made of brass
When they swung together, they played stormy weather
And lightening shot out of his ass.

There was a young man from Sparta
Who was the worlds champion farter
On the strength of one bean, he played God save the Queen
and Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

There once was a man from Rangoon
Who was born by the light of the moon
He had not the luck, to be born by a fuck
But was a wet dream scooped up in a spoon.

There once was a boy from Baclaridge
And he was his parents disparage
He sucked off his brother, and went down on his mother
And ate up his sisters miscarriage.

There once was a pilot from K-2
Who buggered a girl down in Taegu
He said to the Doc, as she handed him his cock
Will I lose both my testicles too.

There once was a man from Trieste
Who loved his wife with a zest
Despite all her howls, he sucked out her bowls
And deposited the mess on her breast.

In the garden of Eden sat Adam
With his hand on the butt of his madam
He chuckled with mirth, for he knew on this earth
There were only two balls and he had em.

There was an old hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
He said I'll admit, I'm a bit of a shit
But think of the money I save.

There once was a girl named Alice
Who used a dynamite stick for a fallice
They found her vagina, in South Carolina
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas.

There once was a girl from France
Who boarded a train by chance
The engineer fucked her, and so'd the conductor
And the brakeman went off in his pants.

There once was a man from Bombay
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay
The heat of his prick, turned the clay into brick
And rubbed all his foreskin away.

There once was a girl named Gail
Between her tits was a price of her tail
And on her behind, for the sake of the blind
Was the same information in braille.

There once was a girl from the Azores
Whose cunt was all covered with sores
The dogs in the Street, would not eat the green meat
That hung in fetoons from her drawers.

There was a young girl from Peru
Who said as the Bishop withdrew
The Vicar is quicker, he's also a licker
And considerably thicker than you.

There was a young priest from Dundee
Who went in the garden topee
He said Pax Wo Biscum ,I can't make the piss come out
I guess I've got C L A P.

There was a young girl named Myrtle
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle
The results on the fuck, was two eggs and a duck
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

There was a young man from Nottingham
Who stood on the bridge at Buckingham
Just watching the stunts, of the cunts and the punks
And the tricks of the pricks that were fuckingham.

An Argentine Gaucho named Bruno
Said fucking is one thing I do know
All women are fine, and sheep are devine
But llamas are numero uno,

There was a young man from New Brighton
Who said my dear you've a tight one
Said she pon my soul, you have the wrong hole
It's the one up in front that's the right one.

There was a man from St James
Who played most unusual games
He lit a match, to his grandmothers snatch
And laughed as she pissed through the flames.

There once was a man named McGruder
Who wooed a nude in Bermuda
Now the nude thought it crude, to be wooed in the nude
But McGruder was cruder, he screwed her.

There was a young man from kieth
Who skinned back pricks with his teeth
It wasn't for pleasure, he adopted this measure
But for the cheese he found underneath.

There was a young lass named Alice
Who peed in the Archbishops chalice
It was not from relief, as was the belief
But purely from prodestant malice.

There was a young bishop from Birmingham
Who didled the nuns while confirmin' 'em
He brought them indoors, slipped down their drawers
And slipped his Episcopal worm in 'em.

There was a young man from Brock
Who tied a violin string to his cock
With just one erection, he could play a selection
From Johann Sebastian Bach

There was a young lady from Ranson
Who had it three times in a hansom
When she cried for more, a voice from the floor
Cried my name is Simpson, not Sampson.

There once was a girl from Cape God
Who thought all babies came from God
But it wasn't the Almighty who lifted her nighty
It was Roger the the lodger the sod.

There once was a lady named Lil
Who swallowed an atomic pill
They found her vagina in North Carolina
And one of her tits in Brazil.

There once was a pirate named Bates
Who was learning to rhumba on skates
He fell on his cutless, which rendered him nutless
And practically useless on dates.

There once was a monk from Mongolia
Whose life was lonlier and lonlier
One night just for fun, he took out a nun
And now she's a Mother Superior.

Six Pounds of Boobies

Six pounds of boobies in a loose brassiere
An old used condrum is a glass of beer
A twat that twitches like a mooses ear
These are the things I love.

A dirty whore strolling down the street
A bloody Kotex in the rumbleseat
I love my poontang but I beat my meat
These are the things I love.

THE GOOD GUYS

The blue Tail Fly

When I was young I used to wait
On master and give him his plate,
And pass the bottle when he got dry
And brush away the blue tail fly.

Chorus Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,
My master's gone away.

And when he'd ride in the afternoon,
I'd follow after with a hickory broom
The pony being rather shy When bitten by a blue tail fly.
_____ Chorus

One day he rode around the farm,
The flies so numerous they did swarm,
One chanced to bite him on the thigh,
The devil take the blue tail fly.
_____ Chorus

The pony run, he jump, he pitch,
He threw my master in the ditch,
He died and the jury wondered why,
The verdict was, the blue tail fly.
_____ Chorus

They buried him under a simmon tree,
His epitaph is there to see _____
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie
Victim of the blue tail fly".
_____ Chorus

Cool Water

All day I've faced the barren waste,
Without the taste of water, cool, clear water,
Old Dan and I, our throats so dry,
It's those that cry for water, cool, clear water.

Chorus Keep a-movin' Dan, don't listen to him Dan,
He's a devil not a man,
And he spreads the burning sands with water
Dan, can you see that big green tree,
Where the water's flowing free,
And it's waiting there for you and me.

The nights are cool and I'm a fool,
Each star's a pool of water, cool, clear water
But with the dawn I'll wake and yawn,
And carry on to water, cool, clear water.

_____ Chorus

The shadows sway and seem to say,
Tonight we pray for water, cool, clear water,
And way up there he'll hear our prayer,
And show us where there's water, cool, clear water.

_____ Chorus

Dixie

I wish I was in de land of cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixieland.
In Dixielland where I was born
Early on a frosty mornin'
Look away, look away, look away, Dixieland.

Chorus

Oh, I wish I was in Dixie Hurrah, Hurrah
In Dixie land I'll take my stand
To live and die in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

Dar's buckwheat cakes and Injun batter
Makes you fat or little fatter,
Look away _____
Den hoe it down and scrathc your graddle
To Dixieland I'm bound to trabble,
Look away _____

_____ Chorus

The Foggy, Foggy Dew

When I was bachelor, I lived all alone
I worked at the weaver's trade
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid
I wooed her in the wintertime
Part of the summer too
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong,
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she knelt close by my side,
When I was fast asleep,
She threw her arms around my neck
And then began to weep
She wept, she cried, she tore her hair,
Ah, me, what could I do
So all night long I held her in my arms.
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Again I'm a bachelor, I live with my son,
We work at weaver's trade
And every single time I look into his eyes
He reminds me of that fair young maid
He reminds me of the wintertime
Part of the summer too
And of the many, many times that I held her in my arms
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

For Me And My Gal

The bells are ringing
For me and my gal
The birds are singing
For me and My gal
Everybody's be knowing
To a wedding they're going
And for weeks they been saying
Every Susie and Sal
They're congregating
For me and my gal
The Parson's waiting
For me and my gal
And someday, we're going to build
A little home for two
Or three or four, or more
In loveland, for me and my gal.

Give My Regards To Broadway

Give my regards to Broadway
Remember me to Herald Square
Tell all the boys on forty second street
That I will soon be there
Whisper at how I'm yearning
To mingle with the old-time throng
Give my regards to old Broadway
And say that I'll be there 'ere long.

Good Nite, Irene

Chorus Irene, good nite
Irene, good nite
Good nite Irene, Good nite Irene
I'll see you in my dreams.

Last Saturday nite I got married,
Me and my wife settled down,
Now me and my wife are parted,
Gonna take a little stroll down town.

_____ Chorus

Sometimes I live in the country
Sometimes I live in the town
Sometimes I take a great notion
To jump in the river and drown.

_____ Chorus

Stop your rambling,
Stop your gambling,
Stop staying out late at night
Go home to your wife and family
And stay by the fireside bright.

Good Old Mountain Dew

Chorus: They call it that good old mountain dew
And them that refuse it are few
I'll hush up my mug if you'll fill up my jug
With that good old mountain dew.

There's an old hollow tree, down the road here from me
Where you lay down a dollar or two
Then you go around the bend, and when you come back
again
Your jug is full of that good old mountain dew.

My brother Bill, has a still on the hill
Where he runs off a gallon or two
The buzzards in the sky, get so drunk they can't fly
Just from smelling that good old mountain dew.

Now my cousin Mort, he is sawed off and short
Only measures 'bout four foot two
But he thinks he's a giant, when you give him a pint
Of that good old mountain dew.

My old Aunt June, bought some brand new perfume
And it had such a sweet smelling phew
But to her surprise, when she had it analyzed
It was nothing but good old mountain dew.

The flak gets so thick, that it makes you feel sick
When you've been on a rail cut or two
But you'll never abort, if they'll give you a snort
Of that good old mountain dew.

Home On The Range

Oh, give me a home, where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Chorus Home, Home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night when the heavens are bright,
With the light of the glittering stars,
Have I stood there amazed,
And asked as I gazed,
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

_____ Chorus

If You've Got The Money, I've Got The Time

If you've got the money, I've got the time
We'll go honky-tonking and we'll have a time.

We'll make all the night spots
We'll do them up fine.
If you've got the money, honey
I've got the time.

There ain't no use to tarry,
So let's start out tonight,
We'll spread joy, oh boy, oh boy.
And we'll spread it right,
We'll have more fun baby,
All the way down the line.
If you've got the money, honey,
I've got the time.

If you've got the money,
I've got the time
We'll go honky-tonkin'
And we'll have a time.
Bring along your Cadillac
Leave my old wreck behind.
If you've got the money, honey
I've got the time.

Yes, we'll go honky-tonkin'
Make every club in town.
We'll go to the park, where it's dark
We won't fool around.
But if you run short of money,
I'll run short of time.
'Cause you with no more money, (honey)
I've no more time.

In the Evening By The Moonlite

In the evening by the moonlight
You can hear those darkies singing
In the evening by the moonlight
You can hear those banjos ringing
How the old folks would enjoy it,
They would sit all night and listen
When they sang in the evening
By the moonlight.

I've Got Six-Pence

I've got six-pence, jolly jolly sixpence
I've got six-pence, to last me all my life
I've got tuppence to spend, and tuppence to lend
And tuppence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

No cares have I to grieve me
No pretty girls to deceive me
I'm happy as a lark believe me
As we go rolling rolling home.

Rolling home, Rolling home
By the light of the silvery moon
Happy is the day, when the Air Force gets it pay
As we go rolling rolling home.

Let The Rest Of The World Go By

With someone like you
A pal so good and true,
I'd like to leave it all behind,
And go and find
Some place that's known to God alone,
Just a spot to call our own.

We'd find perfect peace,
Where joys never cease,
Out there beneath those kindly skies.
We'll build a sweet little nest,
Somewhere in the west,
And let the rest of the world go by.

My Wild Irish Rose

My Wild Irish Rose
The sweetest flower that grows
You may search everywhere
But none can compare
With my wild Irish Rose
My wild Irish Rose
The sweetest flower that grows
She may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

On Top of old Smokey

On top of old Smokey,
All covered with snow,
I lost my true lover,
Come a-courtin' too slow.

A-courtin's a pleasure
An' flirtin's a grief,
A false-hearted lover,
Is worse than a thief.

For a thief he will rob you,
And take what you have,
But a false-hearted lover,
Will send you to the grave.

She'll hug and kiss you
And tell you more lies,
Than cross ties on the railroad,
Or stars on the sky.

On top of old Smokey,
All covered with snow,
I lost my true lover,
Come a-courtin' _____ too slow.

Over There

Over there, over there
Send the word, send the word over there
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming
The drums rum-tumming everywhere
So prepare, say a prayer
Send the word, send the word, to beware
We'll be over, over there
And we won't be back 'til its over,
Over there.

Red River Valley

From this valley they say you are going
We will miss you bright eyes and sweet smile
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That has brightened my life for a while.

Chorus: Come and sit by my side, little darling
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
But remember the Red River Valley
And the cowboy that loved you so true.

Do you think of this valley you're leaving
Of your parents so kind and so true
Do you think of the kind hearts you're breaking
And the cowboy who loves you so true.

_____ Chorus.

Shanty Town

There's a shanty in the town
On a little plot of ground,
Where the green grass grows
All around, all around.
Roof so torn, so badly worn.
It touches to the ground.
It's just a tumbled down shack
And it's built way back
About 25 feet from the railroad track.
It lingers on my mind
Most all the time,
Keeps calling me back
To my little grass shack.
I'd be just as sassy as jaille Selassie
If I were a king,
Wouldn't mean a thing
Roof so tall
Read the writin' on the wall
But it don't mean a thing
Not doggone thing,
For there's a queen waitin' there
In a rockin' chair
Blowin' her top on 'gaitor's beer
Lookin' all around
And truckin' on down
Yes, I gotta get back to my shanty town.

Show Me The Way To Go Home

Show me the way to go home
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it went right to my head
Whenever I may roam
On land or sea or foam
You will always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home.

Indicate the way to my habitual abode
I'm fatigued and I want to retire
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago
And it went right to my cerebellum
Wherever I may perambulate
On land or sea or atmospheric vapor
You can always hear me crooning this melody
Indicate the way to my habitual abode.

Swing Low Sweet Chariot

I looked over Jordon
And what did I see there
Coming for to carry me home
A band of angels coming after me
Coming for to carry me home.

Chorus: Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do
Coming for to carry me home
Tell all my friends I'm coming too
Coming for to carry me home.
————— Chorus

Till Me Why

Tell me why, the ivy twines
Tell me why, the stars do shine
Tell me why, the sky's so blue
And I'll tell you, just why I love you.

Because God made, the ivy twine
Because God made, the stars to shine
Because God made, the sky so blue
Because God made you, that's why I love you.

Tennessee Waltz

I was waltzing with my darling
To the Tennessee waltz
When an old friend I happened to meet
Introduced him to my loved one
And while they were waltzing
My friend stole my sweetheart from me.

I rememqer the nite
And the Tennessee Waltz
Now I know just how much I have lost
Yes, I lost my little darling
The nite the were playing
The beautiful Tennessee Waltz.

Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swagman camped by a brill-along
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he sat and waited till
his billy boiled;
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
 You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
 And he sang as he sat and waited till
 his billy boiled,
 You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

 Down came a jumbuck to drink at the
 brillalong,
 Up jumped the swagmen and grabbed
 him with glee,
 And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck
 in his tucker bag
 You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

 _____Chorus

 Up rode a squatter mounted on his thoroughbred,
 Up rode his troops, one, two, three,
 Where's that jolly jumbuck, you've
 got in your tucker bag?
 You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

 _____Chorus

 Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the
 brillalong,
 You'll never catch me alive said he
 And his ghost may be heard as you pass
 by the brillalong.
 You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

 _____Chorus

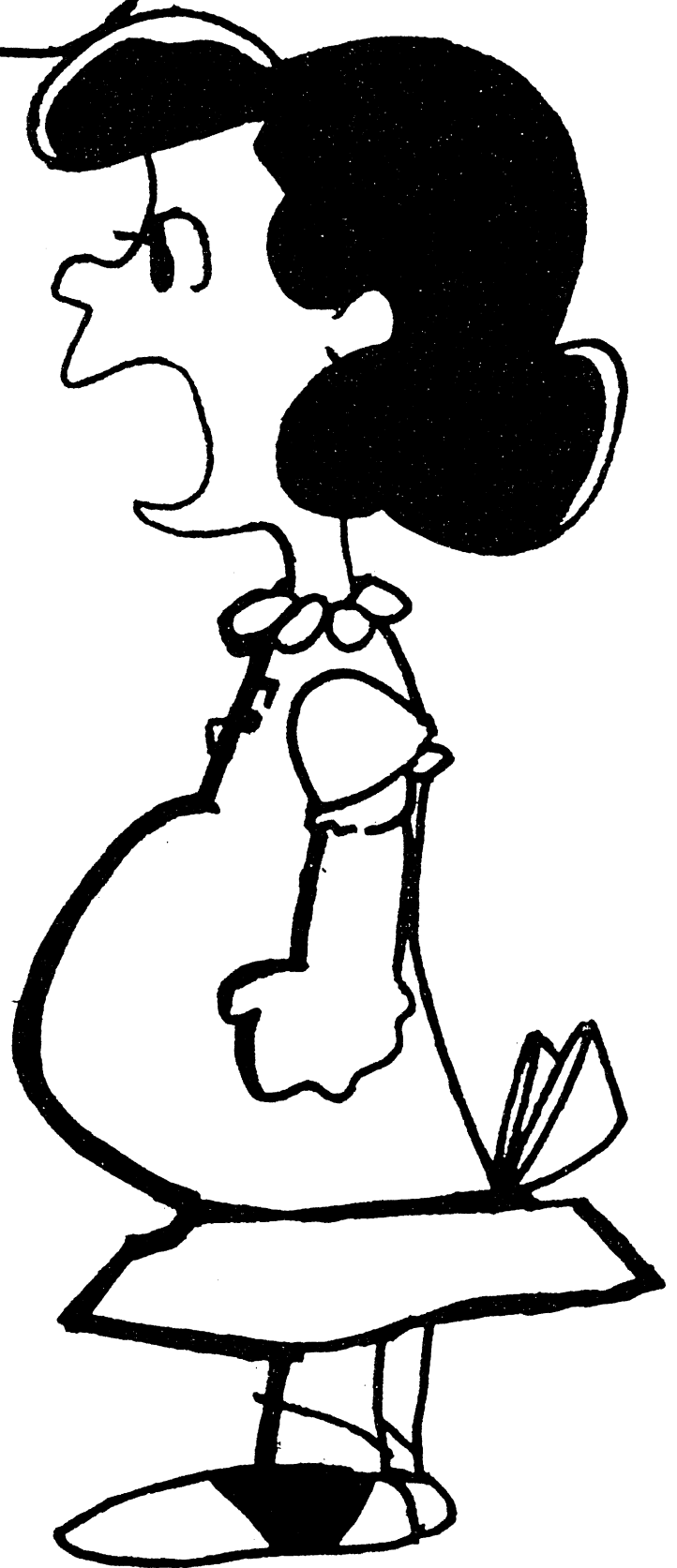
When You Wore A Tulip

When you wore a tulip
A big yellow tulip
And I wore a big red rose
When you carressed me
'Twas then heaven blessed me
What a blessing no one knows
You made life cheery
When you called me deary
Way down where the blue grass grows
Your lips were sweeter than julip
When you wore a tulip
And I wore a big red rose.

Whiffenpoof Song

To the tables down at Maury's,
To the place where Louie dwells,
To the dear old Temple Bar we loved so well
Sing the Whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high,
And the magic of their singing casts a spell,
Yes, the magic of their singing
Of the songs we love so well,
"Shall I wasting" and Mavournee" and the rest.
We will serenade our Louie
While life and voice shall last
Then we'll pass and be forgotten like the rest.
We are poor little lambs who have lost our way,
Baa, baa, baa,
We are poor little black sheep who have gone astray
Baa, baa, baa,
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree,
Damned from here to eternity.
God have mercy on such as we,
Baa, baa, baa.

DAMN YOU
CHARLIE BROWN!



Printed by:

Dragon Gate Stationery & Printing Co., Ltd.

5 Hsuang Cheng Street, Taipei, Taiwan

Tel. 40737 Taipei